

The Evening World.

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OMINOUS SYMPTOMS.

IF THE attention of the country were not so deeply engrossed by international problems it would be considering with more seriousness the alarming symptoms that have developed in its industrial organism.

Not in years has labor shown itself so restless and so inordinate in its demands. Not in years have employers found themselves so beset with claims which they see no way to satisfy save by granting what they know the state of their business does not warrant. Day by day strikes multiply. In order to avoid them manufacturers agree to higher wage scales with no certainty that they can continue to maintain them.

Nor is it manufacturing alone that suffers. Freight handlers, longshoremen, tugboat engineers—workers upon whom depends the movement of millions of dollars' worth of merchandise each day—threaten to leave harbors clogged with idle shipping and terminals choked with loaded freight cars. The Port of New York, which ought to be handling the greatest volume of commerce in its history, is instead agast at the tie-up of its traffic.

Is it right? Is it just? For three years business here, the burden of hard times. Employers paid wages and kept going on the smallest margin of profit. Now the moment prosperity is discerned in the distance business is set upon and commanded to disgorge what it hasn't had time to accumulate.

Where is the boasted shrewdness and common sense of the American workingman? Can't he see that most of the heavy advance drafts he is presenting he will have to make good himself later?

Carranza begins to understand us. If he can't appreciate us the loss is his.

RECKLESS ADULTS, TOO.

WE ARE glad to note the police are making an extra effort to persuade children that it is dangerous to steal rides. During last month the police reports show that 710 children were warned by policemen that if they persisted in the sport of "catching on" to moving vehicles something unpleasant or worse would happen to them.

Twenty-three children were killed in the streets of the city during April—eighteen by automobiles, three by wagons and two by trolleys. Accidents of this class always increase in the months of spring and summer. Playgrounds are all too few. Reckless youngsters must be taught to practice "safety first" in the streets.

But their elders need teaching, too. The police should not forget that. Any number of adult New Yorkers quite old enough to know better may be seen daily in crowded thoroughfares taking chances in ways that call for sharp reprimand.

The habit of crossing the street anywhere but on the crosswalk, for example, is one that has gained a dangerous hold upon pedestrians in this city. It is a foolish risk and leaves the man who takes it no one but himself to blame if something hits him.

Let the police do some warning in this direction.

Judging by the reverse action observable at Verdun. Germany may yet see a big victory there.

NEED REFORMERS BE FOOLS?

A GAIN stories of joy rides that take Sing Sing convicts far beyond the prison walls call for official investigation. In at least one case, it appears to be admitted by the prison authorities, a convict actually serving a term for a reckless automobile drive, in the course of which he killed a child, dragged the body two blocks and then tried to escape, has nevertheless enjoyed the privilege of running a motor car on occasional spins along the roads of Ossining!

The crass impropriety and scandal of this sort of thing is what causes sensible people to become disgusted with the vagaries of so-called prison reform.

Is it impossible to make progress in the wise, sane treatment of prisoners except through reformers whose mania seems to be to let convicts out of jail in order to see if they'll come back?

The Colonel is not seeking the nomination, but his "number" is in the telephone book.

Hits From Sharp Wits

Be careful where you place your confidence, and then watch the place. —Albany Journal.
There ought to be a law against the muffer out-out on rhetorical flutters. —Philadelphia Inquirer.
When opportunity knocks, every knock's a boot. —Boston Transcript.
A Boston man claims to have found ten pairs in an order of raw oysters. It would have been much more remarkable if he had found ten oysters in an order of oyster soup. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Letters From the People

Thanks From Letter Carriers.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
For the very fine editorial in our interest which appeared in The Evening World, I am writing to you a word of thanks in the name of the New York Letter Carriers' Association, and especially in behalf of the ninety carriers in this city who have served over thirty-six years. We feel that editorials such as this will exert a strong influence on the large body of our citizens who read your valuable paper, and we depend entirely on public opinion to win our battle. I hope we shall always merit a kind word from you. PATRICK J. McNAUL, M. E. Letter Carriers' Association.

Thursday.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
On what day did the twenty-second of February, 1900, fall? A. G. R.
A Robert Burns Quotation.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Please tell us the author of, in the exact wording of, the quotation whose general meaning is: "Would that some one would give us the gift to see ourselves as others see us?" G. LANE.
Robert Burns wrote it. The exact wording is: "Oh, wad some power the giffie gie us To see ourselves as others see us!"

Not Even a Nibble

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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WILLIE JARR came bursting into the Jarr apartments at noon and cried, "They are getting up a May party at school and we are going to the park, maw!"
"And a little girl in our class what's got lovely golden hair is to be May Queen!" cried the little Jarr girl, following her brother in.
"And Johnny Rangle is to be the King. Huh! I wouldn't be King and have to walk with a girl!" cried the boy.

"It's to be on Saturday," said the little girl, "and I want my new white dress and my pink sash, and the teacher is going to have ice cream and cake and lemonade!"

"Say, maw, couldn't I take my air gun along? There's sheep up in the park and squirrels, and I want to shoot 'em!" said the boy.

"You must not shoot the nice little sheep, you'll get arrested," said the little girl. "And I am going to take some peanuts to feed the squirrels!"
"I'll shoot them as fast as they come up! Bing!" cried Master Willie Jarr, and squinting one eye, he aimed at an imaginary squirrel with supposedly deadly results. Whereat the little girl commenced to cry and began slapping her brother for killing the squirrels.

"Behave yourself, Emma!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "I never saw such a temper, and I know when you get it from, too! Willie wouldn't shoot the squirrels, I'm not going to let him take his air gun along to shoot out people's eyes, and if I did they wouldn't let him take it into the park!"

"Then I don't want to go to the old May party!" said the boy.
"I don't care if Willie wants to go to the May party or not," said the little girl. "I want to go and the teacher wants me to go!"

"I am not in favor of such things," said Mrs. Jarr. "How can the teachers look after so many children in the park where all those automobiles and runaway horses are? Besides, they will be busy looking after their favorites whom they make May Queens of, while nice children and prettier children are passed over!"

"They wanted me to be Queen, but I wanted my little friend, who has beautiful golden hair, to be Queen," said the child, who was an unselfish little thing.
"You're just like your father—all ways doing things for other people!" said Mrs. Jarr. "And much thanks you'll get in this world!"

"I can go, can't I?" asked little Emma Jarr.
"Certainly not!" said Mrs. Jarr. "This thing of sending children to the park in this, waste summer dresses

Ellabelle Mae Doolittle

By Bide Dudley

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)
ELLABELLE MAE DOOLITTLE, the poetess with a heart and soul, was announced at an entertainment given by the Live and Let Live Section of the Women's Betterment League of Delhi Wednesday night at Hugus Hall. The affair was originally intended as a Shakespearean celebration, but it was found that so few people in Delhi had ever heard of the Bard of Avon that it was feared the show wouldn't pay. Therefore, it was announced as a "High Jinks Social" and one hundred and twenty-seven persons paid 50 cents each to get in the hall.

After the audience was seated, Mrs. Ellabelle Mae Doolittle, poetess, introduced Mayor Cyrus Perkins Walker and asked him to speak five minutes on Shakespeare.

Miss Doolittle was roundly applauded when she appeared on the rostrum. She bowed to the right and left, smiling sweetly, and then said she would make each announcement in original rhyme. She began as follows:

The Mayor was surprised, but he stepped to the platform and spoke clearly and firmly.
"I knew Shakespeare well," he said. "True, he conducted a saloon in Dallas, but he was afterward elected to the City Council and he gave the city money for a public drinking fountain. The story that he was called Souse Shakespeare is wrong. Never was there a more respectable."

"Pardon me, Mr. Mayor," said Mrs. Doolittle, arising in the front row, "but you have evidently got the wrong Shakespeare. The Shakespeare we would hear of was an Englishman."

"So was my friend," said the Mayor. "But William Shakespeare has been dead several hundred years!"
"So has Mayor Walker—politically," said Benge Beecher, an anti-Walker Democrat, in the rear of the hall.

Mayor Walker ordered Constable Brown to eject Beecher. A fight followed in which Brown was knocked down four times, but he subdued his man by kicking him severely.

When the melee was over Miss Doolittle stepped to the edge of the rostrum and spoke as follows:

Two, Bickets, my sister's child,
Here you, Bickets, little one,
Set up here and sing for us.

Little Miss Bickets sang two songs. One of them, written by Miss Doolittle, and entitled "Skinny Kauck Was Hit with a Brick," created a furore. Miss Bickets retired amid storms of applause and went out in the street and beat up Moses Betts, a son of a negro preacher.

Miss Doolittle's third and last announcement concerned a great favorite in the section—Mrs. Skeeter O'Brien. This is the way she was heralded by the poetess:

Mrs. Skeeter O'Brien is sighted,
She will address us no doubt;
Here you, Bickets, little one,
Set up here and sing for us!

Mrs. O'Brien chose as her subject "Mere Man," and the way she chided the males was a caution.

"Man," said Mrs. O'Brien, "is a secondary consideration in my power to Man invents the rocking chair, for instance, but who sits in it? Woman! Now you've got me all the way."

"Right!" said Mrs. Perkins, with emphasis.

Mayor Walker and Constable Brown arose and left the hall. The Hon. Peter P. Doolittle, father of the poetess, left also, but he assured the ladies he was merely going out to get a drink.

Miss Doolittle finished the entertainment by singing a song she wrote in wait time. It was "A Jinty Hus and Gus." She ended with a clear high note that lasted nearly a minute and set the whole town talking.

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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KING BEMBA'S POINT; by J. Landers.

THE Flint Importing Company had built its African factory and storehouse on a spit of sand—known as "King Bemba's Point"—that ran out into the ocean.

Hither ivory and ostrich plumes and skins were brought by natives from the interior. Here old Jackson, the company's local superintendent, bartered for such treasures with glass beads, bolts of calico and "trade muskets." A ship touched at King Bemba's Point once a month to carry away the accumulated merchandise and to bring mail and provisions.

Jackson, the superintendent, was a morose, crotchety old fellow. His life had been ruined years earlier by a woman. He had married as a young sea captain, and had adored his beautiful wife, Lucy. Returning from a voyage he had found her gone. She had eloped with one Bransome, a rich man's son, whom Jackson barely knew by sight. All his efforts to track down the fugitives had failed. Crushed and heartbroken he had buried himself in this godforsaken corner of Africa.

Sorrow and the beastly climate and ill health and advancing years had combined to work ravages in his face, until at last his best friend would scarce have recognized the withered superintendent as the spruce sea captain of other days.

One morning the monthly steamship dropped anchor off the Point and landed a passenger. The newcomer introduced himself as traveling manager for the Flint company, and said he had come to take general charge of the factory for a time. His name, he added, was Bransome. Jackson looked at him long and steadily, then said:

"I knew a Bransome once. He was a scoundrel."

From the first the superintendent avoided the new manager's society, keeping almost wholly to himself and drinking heavily. Once or twice he came out of his seclusion to hold secret talks with the captain of his boat crew, a native named Sooka.

Sooka had a deathless hatred for Bransome, because the latter on the day of his arrival at the Point had had him severely flogged for a trifling offense.

A few months later an eastbound steamship from England touched at King Bemba's Point. A heavy sea was running. Bransome, as manager, was obliged to row out and consult with the steamer's captain. He did not relish the task in such weather, but Jackson assured him there was no danger.

The company's boat, steered by Sooka and with Bransome in the stern, set forth for the vessel. When it began the return journey to the factory it carried another passenger, a woman. Bransome's wife had come from England to join her husband.

Sooka guided the boat cleverly through the gale until it was near enough shore for the expert native crew to reach land by swimming. Then he turned the craft sideways just as a mighty wave broke above it.

"The scoundrel will never reach shore alive!" shrieked Jackson in crazy glee from the pier head.

He was right. The natives, one by one, came to land, panting and exhausted, but safe. But Bransome was not with them. At Sooka's orders they had not raised a hand to help him or his wife when the boat capsized.

Next morning the tide washed the manager's dead body ashore. Clamped in his arms was the body of his wife. Jackson, who had bent gloatingly over upon the shore, glanced once at the face of the woman, then fell headlong upon the sand, beside her, moaning:

"Lucy! Lucy!"

Mistakenly, "seven" sacraments we name;

"Penance" and "Matrimony" are the same.—DUKE.

Just a Wife--(Her Diary)

Edited by Janet Trevor.

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CHAPTER IX.
JULY 12.—Ned and I have had a long talk to-day. I love him as much as ever—oh, more, more!—but I think I understand him rather better.

The doctor told me that it was not necessary to sit up with him, but I couldn't sleep. So for two nights I sat curled up in one of Mrs. Higgins' uncomfortable armchairs, watching my husband. This morning about 6 o'clock his eyes opened and he spoke in a voice that was perfectly rational, although a little weak.

"Mollie, dearest!" he said gently. "Haven't you slept at all? You look so white and tired. Will you promise to get up now?"

"Ned!" I exclaimed, hurrying to the bed and kneeling beside it. "You are feeling better, aren't you? Your head is so much better, I think the fever must be nearly all gone. Oh, it doesn't matter about me! As soon as I know you are all right I can rest."

"Mollie," he began again, stroking my face weakly with the hand I had pressed against it. "You saved my life the other day. The outgoing tide had caught me, and I never could have made the shore all alone. And I went out there when you asked me to stay, because I couldn't take another woman's dare! I made you suffer for a fool stunt, and you saved me from the consequences. Mollie, I'm not worth it!"

"Oh, my dear!" I breathed, slipping his weak hand back beneath the covers and putting my face close to his on the pillow. "don't you know that nothing in the world is worth anything to me now except you? I could not live without you. All the other people are shadows to me!"

"And to me, Mollie," he interrupted, his voice growing stronger with his earnestness. "There aren't any other women except you. And yet I had to do what that fool girl told me, even when you begged me not to do it. Mollie, I have a beast of a temper. I'm a girl. I'm a girl, and I can't stand a sneer from anybody. If I could be a man I'd have knocked her down. As it was, I took another way of getting even: I made up my mind, all in a flash, that I'd do what she hinted I couldn't."

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"Once, when I was a child, I promised my mother I wouldn't walk alone in a large forest near the hotel where

I can't promise, Mollie," he said, scarcely above a whisper. "I should break my word, as I did to my mother's word. I tell you, I can't account for myself when I'm angry. It seems as if I were in the centre of a hot wave, too strong for me. All the other people are shadows to me!"

"And that was why you struck my dog that day in the park?" I said, in sudden enlightenment.

"Yes," he answered shamefully. "I said nothing. There seemed nothing more to say. It was he who broke the pause."

"I promise," he said, soberly, "that I will do everything in my power to fight this abominable temper of mine—if you will help me, my wife."

"I promise, Ned," I answered gravely.

Of course I will help him—surely we together shall be strong enough to win.

(To Be Continued.)

Facts Not Worth Knowing.
By Arthur Baer.

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Ten million automobile tires will be sold in 1916, which should be good news to the tack manufacturers.

Close observation by the Department of Agriculture shows that the toadstool is absolutely neutral until somebody eats it.

The average life of a dress suit is 987 hires.

Every quartette would be a success if only the other three singers had voices.

In ratio to their size, a humming bird can fly 867,342,807,000 times further than a rhinoceros.

Nobody has ever figured a possible method for a woman to eat soup through a veil.

Tests by efficiency experts show conclusively that round trolley car wheels are much superior to octagon shaped ones.